

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter
A Sequel to
Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York,"
"Mr. Potter of Texas,"
"That Frenchman," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gordon Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves. Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant, the four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Chartist lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Correggio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horsemen is supposed to be Correggio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Chartist and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes' money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Correggio is at Nice and is acting the role of admiral to Lady Chartist.

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER VII. Maud's Confidences.

Miss Chartist pursues him along the walk between the citron and the orange trees, asking affrightedly: "Why do you look so terrible?"

For Barnes is meditating sardonically: "If it were only the scar-faced devil, I'd kill him on sight as I would a rattlesnake. But this one who has turned up here, the real Correggio Cipriano Danella, what has he done to me that I can at present justly destroy him? Neither Emory nor myself, from the signature on his check, could say he wrote those letters. If he did, the dastard threat against my coming bride would make me send him to the devil in very short order. But I must have proof."

A moment later her mother sweeps affably down to him. During Barnes' perusal of Emory's letters and enjoyment of Maud's confidences, Prunella has made a toilette that seems more elaborate than would be called forth by the arrival of relatives.

"What, back again so soon?" says the widow, pleasantly, leading Barnes to her parlor.

"Yes," observes that gentleman, "I forgot to mention that the reason you could treat us en famille is that to-morrow I am about to wed."

"Enid!" screams the lady. "Oh, you darling boy!" and gives him a sudden, whole-souled kiss. After a moment she says deprecatingly: "This sudden mating will not permit of a grand wedding."

Then, her eyes growing excited at the thought of social success, she exclaims: "Of course, the town is growing deserted, but Adelaide Carrington at the De la Mediterranee, Milly Portman of the De Rome and Lilly Vivian at the Hotel des Anglais, are three charming English girls who will be delightful bridesmaids for Enid. Besides, Edwin could invite the officers of her majesty's Opal, which is lying off Monte Carlo. Oh, it shall be the most important wedding this season in the Riviera."

"It is the most important wedding to me," remarks Barnes, solemnly, "but it will be the most private one. Enid and I are only anxious to be wed. I must beg you to say nothing about this to anyone." The gentleman's tone is deferential but imperative. "To-night I shall drive into Nice and see the pastor of the English church. Here in this parlor, to-morrow evening, he shall say, by the blessing of God, the words that will make my darling mine."

"Oh, of course, if you so desire it, Burton," answers Prunella, affably. "I suppose Enid thinks she can manage some kind of a wedding gown by to-morrow evening."

"Anyway, that's the time," observes Barnes, quietly. All the while he is studying Lady Chartist, wondering if her appearance has attracted Correggio Danella, or whether the Cor-

sican has in some subtle way learned this is the retreat of the pursued, and is here on account of family vengeance.

"There is slight possibility that a man of 35 can be attracted by cosmetics," muses the American. Then he suddenly asks: "Has anyone called here for me?"

"Nobody, I believe. The only person I observed in Nice who knew you was la Belle—Lady Chartist's cheeks glow with modest blushes of an English widow as she checks herself in the mentioning the awful Blackwood."

Barnes blushes also. When a man of the world is about to wed youth and purity, the follies of his wilder youth seem shameful things. So he cuts off this mention of the great American adventuress by saying shortly: "Mr. Emory, my agent, has not been for me yet?"

"Why, no, I haven't heard of Emory since we left Marseilles," remarks his hostess.

"Ask your servants, please. This matter is important."

Lady Chartist goes out and after a few minutes returns and says that she has questioned everyone in the house and they all assert that nobody since their arrival at the villa had called and asked for Mr. Barnes. "But if you don't bring your party on shore," prattles Prunella, "they'll be late for dinner, and—my goodness! I had forgotten—I have an engagement in Nice this evening, so I'll have to be leaving immediately after."

The additional tint upon the lady's cheeks shows that it is a love tryst.

"All right, I've got to see that minister," replies Barnes, easily, "so, if you'll be so good, you can drive me in to Nice. Now I'll get our party on shore." He lights a cigar and strolls rapidly down to the little landing place between ilex trees and oleanders, the thoughts of his coming nuptials raising his spirits.

"Since the new Danella is here, I'm glad to know it," he thinks. "A discovered danger is better than a hidden one. Who the deuce is that scar-faced scoundrel?"

Emory was to be here by the 4th—this very day. It's nearly expired and no signs of the detective, a man that Barnes knows is prompt in his appointments. "What can this mean?"

This is his reflection as he is in the boat being rowed alongside of the Wildowl, for Edwin has had the yacht warped tolerably close to the landing stage, and the little pleasure vessel, looking like a slovenly merchant



"Are We Never Going on Shore to Dinner?"

schooner, is now lying not over a hundred yards away from where the soft waters flap lazily upon the grounds of Lady Chartist's villa.

Barnes climbs hastily on board, takes the lieutenant to the retirement of the stern and rapidly tells him of the appearance of the true Correggio Cipriano Danella. "This complicates matters," he whispers. "The scar-faced scoundrel we could have put out of the way without compunction, but till this new arrival does some overt act I hesitate at sending him to King-dome Come!"

"So we have been blaming these letters on the real Count Danella, when some other land pirate has been doing the dirty business," mutters Edwin, disgustedly.

"Of that I am not absolutely sure," answers Burton; then he asks: "Has Marina yet told you what her note contained?"

"Why, I was questioning her on that only a little while ago and she simply begged me to trust her. You see, I'm getting more and more anxious about her. As the time for landing gets nearer my bride grows more pale, more nervous, more despairing," sighs the young Englishman.

"And my sweetheart becomes more resolute, more determined. Bless her pluck, she is singing in the cabin now!" whispers Mr. Barnes.

"And yet," remarks her brother, gloomily, "my bride was as brave as Enid is, before her wedding. Can Marina know of some hidden danger of which my sister doesn't dream?"

"Then you're not the man I think you," answers Barnes, almost savagely, "if you, her husband, don't get it out of her. Don't you see, you've got to know; that no sentimental reason should stand between you and everything that is in your wife's mind, Edwin?"

"All right, Marina shall tell me to-night," answers the young sailor, determinedly. "But there's one thing we've got to do first, that's to see our girls are mighty safe for the present. I've fixed it, I think, pretty well with Graham. We leave the cook and one man aboard as anchor watch, and the mate takes his Scotch tars ashore and

keeps careful lookout all night about the grounds."

"You've told them I'll reward them liberally?" remarks Barnes.

"Oh, it didn't require money. Graham and the rest of the crew have kind of got it into their heads that we are being pursued by some murdering foreign gang and the honest fellows from the land of cakes are mighty eager to meet the Corsican thugs."

Here Enid stops the interview. "Are we never going on shore to dinner?" asks that young lady, hungrily, but laughingly, as she steps lightly on deck. "I heard your boat, Burton," she adds. "Please help me down the side ladder. Marina has Edwin's sailor skill to prevent her tumbling into the water. My, isn't he tender to her!" This last is whispered as Mrs. Anstruther, having come on deck, is half carried by her husband down the yacht's side to the cutter.

"Guess I can do the ladder act as well as he," and Burton's clutch upon his coming bride as he places her in the stern sheets of the boat is as fervid as that of the English bridegroom.

As the boat draws up to the landing stage Maud comes rushing down to the landing and cries eagerly: "Bully! Everybody on shore quick! Ma's got to drive into Nice after dinner to meet her new beau."

"Her new beau! How about Von Bulow?" laughs Edwin, as he assists the ladies to the landing stage.

"Oh, Von's on the back shelf!" cries Maud, letting her tongue run away with her. "Count Correggio Cipriano Danella is now first favorite."

At the name, Marina quivers as if under a blow. Then suddenly the nervous dread seems to leave her dark eyes and the courage of devoted love flies into them. She starts from her husband's arm, to which she has been clinging.

"By heaven, Marina knows this Cipriano Danella is the real king-pin of this death feud," is Barnes' astute reflection. He notes that the bride's head is held on high; that this delicate creature steps lightly but resolutely in front of her stalwart sailor husband as if to meet and shield him from coming danger. Her impassioned eyes frighten the American. "My Lord," he shudders, "this devoted girl means to sacrifice herself in some way for this husband she adores. How? Eternal powers, I must find what that letter said!"

But Enid and Maud, as they step up the path, are now joking and laughing; the latter is saying she's such a good little girl she's to come in to desert. "Keep your nuts and raisins for me, every one of you," she entrails.

At this, Marina smiles so blithely that Edwin whispers to Barnes: "Getting ashore makes her normal again."

Then after a few words of caution to Graham and his tars, who tie up the cutter and step ashore to patrol the outside of the grounds till morning, Anstruther follows the rest of the party to the house.

A few minutes after, the ladies already dressed for evening on the yacht, have thrown off their wraps and are seated at the dinner table of Lady Chartist which, influenced by Mr. Barnes' liberal purse, has become a luxurious one.

The attempt at youth in their hostess' appearance seems to strike the party simultaneously. Enid gazes at the marvelous effects of Madame Duval's art upon her ancient subject's face and can scarce restrain a merry snicker.

Marina, despite the conflicting emotions in her heart, smiles almost sadly, and proceeds during the progress of the meal to draw from Lady Chartist information of her new cavalier and how Cipriano Danella came to visit her. "Did his brother's recent death affect him greatly?" asks the young bride, eagerly.

"Oh," remarks Prunella, "when he begged to be presented to me in Marseilles, the count was very sad, but—" "Cipriano met you in Marseilles," ejaculates Barnes, his fork stayed in air over his salad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOOSE ATTACKS A HORSE.

And the Horse Retorts in Kind—An Incident of the Maine Woods.

Three young men from Milltown, near Calais, went out into the country districts recently to pass the day and left their old horse standing under the shade of the whispering pines while they communed with nature some little distance away, according to the Kennebec Journal. They were startled by the neighing and snorting of their steed and upon reaching the spot where the animal was tied they witnessed an exciting encounter between a bull moose and the horse. The monarch of the forest just happened along and found the horse encroaching upon his domain and very naturally resented the intrusion. He made a run for the unfortunate steed and a bow-on collision was almost a sure thing, when the old horse's fighting blood got up and, instead of waiting to be rammed like a fishing boat in a fog, he stood up on his hind legs and caught the bull moose a swat far upon the nose with both forefeet. Both animals sat down suddenly to think the matter over, the moose from the surprise of the shock, and the horse because he lost his balance, and it would doubtless have gone hard with the latter, which was incumbered with the harness and rigging, had not the young men set upon the forest king with yells just as he was about to resume the attack upon his helpless adversary. Any one who remembers the noise which a Milltown man is capable of making when out for a good time will pardon the moose for his sudden and undignified retreat.

TRUSTS SEIZE ALL

REAL EFFECT OF REPUBLICAN TARIFF PROTECTION.

Prosperity of Which the Party Has Boasted Confined to the Few Who Became Millionaires, Not to the People.

When four years ago the Democrats predicted that the high tariff would beget panic instead of prosperity and that Republican policies would produce business depression in place of welfare and happiness, the whole pack, from Roosevelt to the littlest spellbinder of them all, pointed with pride, etc., to the achievements of the G. O. P. But the panic came and the business depression still continues, although our Republican friends are trying to make us believe that it all has been but a little "financial flurry."

When we come to consider what effect this exaggerated tariff protection has had upon the industrial condition in this country, how far it has produced prosperity, to what extent it is responsible for the perils which now confront us, and which have involved the industrial system of this country in confusion, if not in paralysis, no wonder our Republican friends change front and instead of standing pat are now promising tariff revision. The Republicans still boast of the prosperity which they have produced in this country, but no real prosperity has existed. It was sham and not genuine, and the first breath of adversity has blown down the whole fabric like a breath demolishes the child's house built of cards.

Not that there has been no prosperity, far from it. The two prosperous trusts have flourished amazingly, but it was not the well doing that comes from successful labor, but the fortune produced by successful plunder. The few have become millionaires and the many have just contrived to live and but few of them to save. Such are the fruits of protectionism. High prices for speculative securities and watered stock doled out to gullible victims is the Republican conception of prosperity, and that is the only kind of prosperity they have ever shown in the long years they have controlled the government.

Now, the Democratic notion of prosperity—real prosperity—consists in the abundance of commodities fairly distributed among those who produce them. It means more homes, larger and more commodious rooms with healthier people dwelling in them; it means warmer clothing, covering stronger and more healthy limbs; more abundant food of better quality; more shoes and more of everything in the nature of comfort that man can use—more books, higher wages and shorter hours; more leisure to enjoy what increased earnings can buy. This alone is what Democrats mean by prosperity, and this alone is a prosperity which is genuine.

Now, how is that prosperity to be reached, how are things available for the comfort of men to be reached?

Can Theodore Roosevelt or Taft produce a dollar's worth of such things? Can the whole Republican party insure the farmers good crops, although it impudently claims to be allied with omnipotence? Have any of them, great or small, or all combined as the government, the capacity to increase anything on the face of the earth? They have shown themselves to possess the power of spending, so much so that with the end of the fiscal year at hand there is a deficiency of \$60,000,000 of revenue to meet their expenditures. But it requires the farmer and the laborer to produce, for the trusts, aided by the politicians, to dissipate. The Republican national platform ascribes in fulsome terms all the benefits that any of us have been fortunate enough to receive to our "most exalted servant," Theodore Roosevelt, and then boastfully describes a long list of accomplishments most of which have not yet been achieved and never will be under the plutocratic policies for which the Republican party is famous.

But, after all, the Republican party has had to turn tail and run for cover from the righteous wrath of an injured people. It declares its cardinal policy of protection to have been a failure and promises to revise it "after election." What the promise stands for no one knows. The organ of the Protective Tariff league with joy declares that it means revising the tariff higher, while Reformer La Follette and Reformer Cummins, the father of the "Iowa Idea" of tariff reform are satisfied.

The disastrous effect of tariff protection leads many people to doubt the honesty of Republican profession and to hope for real tariff reform that will curb the trusts.

Hamiltonian Republicans.

The Republicans evidently believe that the constitution does not count for much nowadays, for the word constitution does not appear in the speeches of Senator Lodge, or Mr. Burton, made at the Republican convention, and only one reference to that instrument is made in the platform. This reference occurs in the resolution relating to the enforcement of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments.

An Era of Extravagance.

The Roosevelt administration now places to its account the third deficit in seven years. With deficits of \$12,000,000 in 1901, \$22,000,000 in 1905 and now \$60,000,000 in 1908—considering the flash times it has enjoyed up to nine months ago—it makes a shockingly bad showing.

MISSOURI NEWS

Drinks Acid Before Brother.

Kansas City—Herbert D. Cutler, senior member of the Cutler Glass and Paint Co., at Nos. 1400-02 Union avenue, drank carbolic acid in his private office and died an hour later. His brother, Frank Cutler, was with him when he drank the poison. Mr. Cutler gave no intimation that he intended to commit suicide. His brother did not know his purpose until Herbert turned toward him with a bottle in his hand. A look of pain and the effects of the acid on his lips told the story to his brother. Despondency because of continued ill health and business reverses that began with the flood of 1903 are believed to have been the cause of the suicide.

Plan to Test Drill Steel.

Rolla—Considerable experimental work will be carried on at the school of mines during the next school year. Samples of drill steel have been secured from all the important manufacturers of drill steel in America, England, France, Germany and Sweden. These steels will be tested in order to determine their value for rock drilling. Considerable work is being planned in the line of the use of concrete in mines to replace mine timbering.

Dr. Hemphill Gets Three Years.

Troy—Dr. W. A. Hemphill was convicted of second-degree manslaughter by a jury in the circuit court here. Punishment was fixed at three years in the penitentiary. Hemphill's attorneys gave notice of their intention to ask for a new trial. Dr. Hemphill was charged with wrongful practices which caused the death of Elizabeth Gleason, at Elsherry, Feb. 25.

Reporter's Assailant Fined \$1,000.

Kansas City—Jack Gallagher, saloon-keeper and politician, was fined \$1,000 in police court here for disturbing the peace and was held without bond. Two weeks ago Gallagher brutally assaulted Albert King, a reporter on the staff of the Kansas City Journal, causing probably permanent injuries, and for this he was indicted by the grand jury. Later he gained admittance to King's room, where he lay sick, and again threatened him. He was arrested.

Hemphill Murder Case On.

Montgomery—Judge J. D. Barnett of this city has gone to Troy to hear the case of Rev. Clyde Gow and Dr. W. H. Hemphill, charged with the death of Miss Elizabeth Gleason, the young school teacher. It is understood that if Dr. Hemphill, who is to be tried first, is found not guilty the case against the minister will be dismissed, as the evidence in both cases is thought to be about the same.

Towels Aid Her Escape.

Farmington—By means of towels knotted together, Mrs. Minor Morris of St. Louis, who recently came into prominence through charges she made against secret service men at Washington, asserting they had forcibly ejected her from the White House, escaped from her room on the second floor of the state hospital for the insane here.

Asks Friends to Withhold Judgment.

Springfield—Mrs. Mae Dickerson, wife of the wealthy broker, who instituted suit against her husband for support on Monday, sent out copies of a typewritten letter to friends in this city and elsewhere, begging of them that they withhold judgment as to the truthfulness of the charges that have been made until the case is reached in court.

Heat Unbalances Negro.

Cape Girardeau—Stricken with the intense heat, a negro stranger to the city excited the business district until he was jailed. He ran from one place to another searching for a doctor, exclaiming that he had been hit on the head with a club while sleeping in the courthouse square. Two boys, excited, ran wildly with him to Dr. W. C. Patton's residence.

Ewo Slain in Duel.

Springfield—News was received here of a double tragedy which occurred on Bear Creek, ten miles north of Harrison, Ark., in which Thomas Cox, a prosperous farmer, and Thomas Crawford, a trapper, were killed. Cox was one of the best-known men in Boone county.

China Wants Missouri Teachers.

Rolla—The Imperial Chinese legation at Washington has applied to Director L. E. Young of the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy for two graduates to teach mining in China. The application states that married men, friendly towards China, are preferred.

White Slashed at Negro Picnic.

Rolla—Frank Sanderson is in a critical condition at his home here from a knife wound. Sanderson, who is a white man, with several companions, became involved in an altercation at a negro picnic.

Unknown Man Drowns Self.

Glasgow—An unknown man committed suicide by drowning himself in the railroad pond at Steinmetz, five miles east of Glasgow. He was seen by several parties to wade into the pond and disappear.

HAZY.



Publisher—The third chapter in this manuscript is so blurred I can't make it out.

Author—Yes; that is where I used London atmosphere. That is the fog, you know.

A Difficult Lesson.

"It is next to impossible for a man to teach a pretty girl how to whistle," said a musician who is a good whistler.

"How is that?" he was asked.

"Well, providing she is not your wife or sister, when a pretty girl gets her lips properly puckered she usually looks so bewitchingly tempting that he kisses her, and the consequence is she doesn't have a chance to blow a note."

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